NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVII., No. 16. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1892. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

RAIN-MAKING IN INDIA—INSERTING THE HOOKS.

RAIN MAKING IN INDIA.

Among the heathenish customs observed by the natives in certain parts of India, having in view the propitiation of the gods in the hope of obtaining rain in dry seasons, is the practice of hook-swinging. This revolting performance was at one time suppressed by the English Government, but its revival has of late been allowed, and its observance appears to give much satisfaction to thousands of devotees.

A recent number of the *Missionary Herald* contains a graphic description by Rev. John S. Chandler, an American missionary at Madura, of a festival which took place there in October, 1891, from which we make the abstract below. The illustrations are from the original photographs.

Rev. Dr. Chandler says:

"Having learned that the old cruel practice of hook-swinging was about to be revived, after having been abolished for twenty-four years, the Madura mission directed me to memorialize the Madras Government, and pray them to prohibit its revival. The Government replied that they would discourage it in every way, but were not willing to absolutely prohibit it. Their discouragement amounted to nothing at all, and it came off on the 21st instant in the presence of 10,000 people. Dr. Van Allen and I went out to see it, for the sake of being able to give an authentic account of it.

There are four villages in the vicinity of Solavandan, inhabited by people of the Kellar, or Robber, caste. In each village is a family that has the right of selecting two candidates for the operation. Out of the eight thus chosen, one was selected by lot, and the lot fell on a young man of twenty-three years, thick-set and muscular, and rather short of stature.

These people worship the demoness Mariamman, said to be the spirit of a Pariah woman who formerly was attacked by smallpox and was left to die without assistance. She has now become the patron of smallpox and cholera, and is believed to have the power to send or withhold rain; and hook-swinging is thought to be a means of propitiating her, so as to influence her to send rain in abundance.

In 1867 this practice was revived, after having been prohibited for many years. But upon representation to Lord Napier at that time he again prohibited it; and now, after twenty-four years, the people having learned that the present powers that be would do no more than discourage it, have revived it again with great eclat.

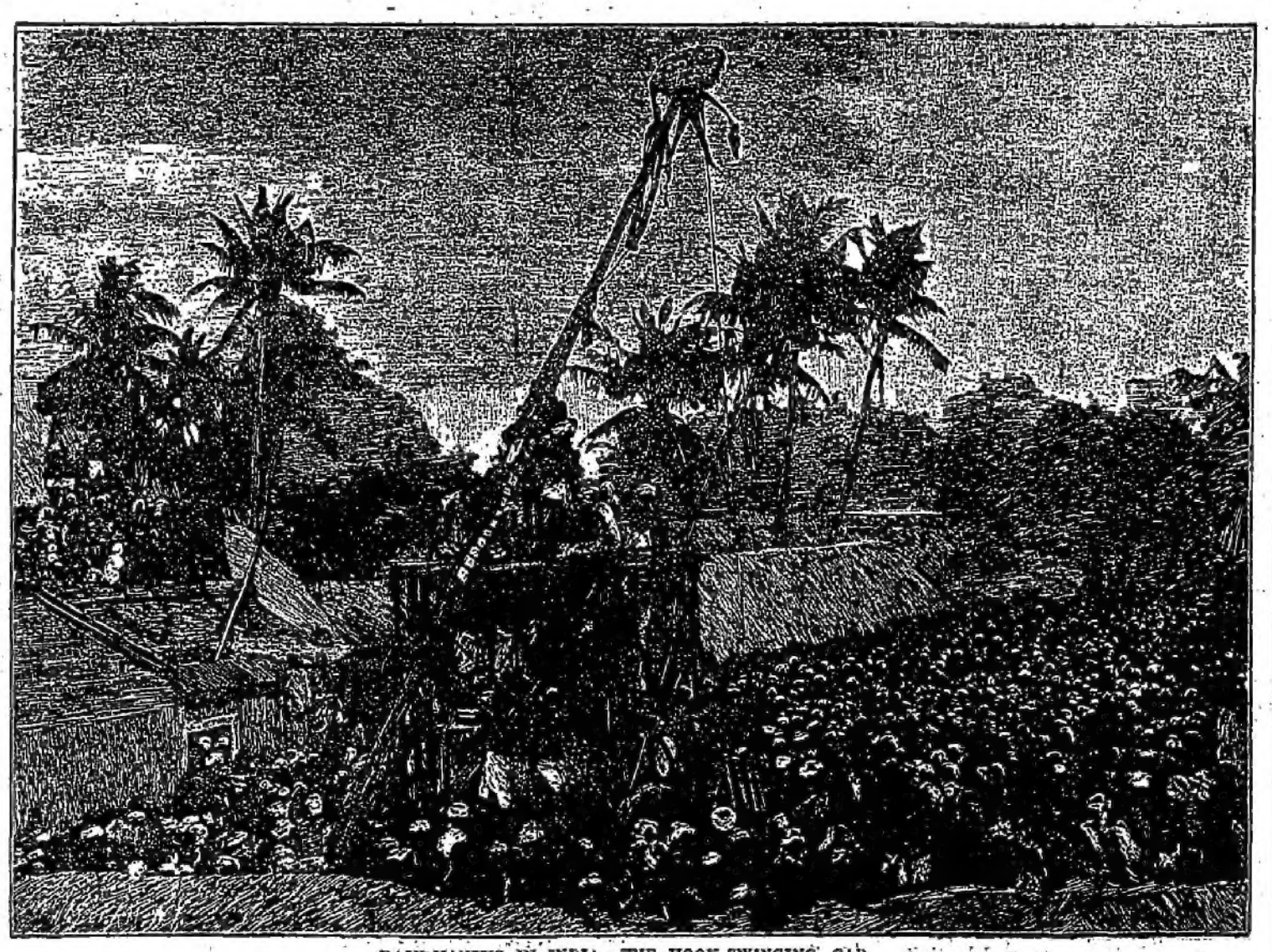
It is said that previous to the insertion of the hooks into the middle of the back the muscles and skin are rendered insensible by slapping and pinching. However that may be, there is no doubt that arrack was given to the man at the time. He was brought to the police station with the two hooks inserted back to back, one each side of the spine. The hooks were not large, and the flesh taken up by them seemed very little. The wonderful strength of the muscles of the back was shown by this performance.

The car consisted of a rough platform on wheels, supporting a great frame, about ten feet in length and breadth, and fifteen feet in height, the platform itself being six feet from the ground. Up through the middle of the frame rose a stout circular beam of great strength, three feet above the frame, and on the top of this beam was pivoted the pole, sixty feet in length, from which the man hung thirty-five feet from the ground.

Promptly at three o'clock the hooks were inserted, within some building, and the man came rushing along the street, escorted by constables and others, who beat back the crowd, and kept up a vigorous fanning, urging the man to keep dancing. After the short stay at the police station they made a grand rush for the car, which stood on an adjacent street, and there the end of the sweep was lowered to receive its victim. Soon it was carried up again with the man attached. As he went up he clapped his feet and hands together in a measured way, and this he kept up during the whole performance. His ankles had jingles on them that could be heard as they beat together with a steady "ching, ching."

Before carrying him up to the greatest height the pole was held horizontally and the man was carried around in a complete circle, swinging over the tops of the houses. Then the car was drawn forward to the first corner, where it was delayed, that a kid might be sacrificed. Once in a while the man would draw up with a rope, plantains and flowers and throw them down to the crowd below. In one place there was a ditch to be crossed and the jolt caused him to seize the rope that hung by his side, but with that exception he seemed to hang entirely by the two hooks in his back. The flesh was gathered up, showing great tension, and his back was bent.

After an hour and a quarter the car returned to its starting place, and the man was released. The hooks were not taken out, but were kept in that they might move the people to be liberal in giving presents to the performer. His pulse was good and his condition seemed normal, but the flesh of the back was so drawn up as to leave deep holes for the hooks. He put on an air of bravado and even offered to



RAIN-MAKING IN INDIA—THE HOOK-SWINGING CAR.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
W M Pozer Sons

swing for a second time if a suitable present should be given. It was only in the evening that the hooks were taken out.

The image of the goddess was carried around on a wooden bull behind the car, but the great object was to get money, and for three months the man can have the hooks and cord and knife used to show to people and beg for presents.

It is said that the present attitude of the Government of Madras is due to instructions from the Secretary of State for India. If that is so, there is no hope of our effecting anything here; it must be done in London. The manager declared to the superintendent of police that he proposed to continue the swinging annually."

THE STORY OF NEESIMA.

The romantic and touching history of the Japanese missionary, Neesima, and his chrysanthemums, which have now grown famous, is told by Mr. F. Schuyler Matthews in "The Golden Flower," a book about the chrysanthemum which has lately been issued. It is a story of a great service repaid with flowers—but with flowers which became famous, and have themselves made famous a beautiful life.

Neesima was the name of a Japanese who was born in the city of Yeddo in 1844. As a boy, he was disposed to studiousness, and before he was twenty he received from a friend a small tract, called "The Story of the Bible," which was written by a Christian missionary in China.

The reading of this tract was the beginning of a new life for the young man. He determined to learn more of the "Light which shone in the East," and to this end resolved to find his way to America. This was no easy task in those times in Japan, for the strictest watch was kept over the people to prevent their going to foreign countries.

Neesima left his home, however, and went to the seaport town of Hakodate, where he remained for a season, planning a means of escape. By the help of a friend, he concealed himself in a little boat, laden with supplies that were being taken to an American vessel in the harbor.

As the little boat left the quay, an officer caught sight of it, and called, "Who goes there?" "*Ore da!*" (It is I!) shouted the boatman, and the craft was allowed to pass.

Neesima reached the vessel in safety, and the captain concealed him in a closet while the Japanese officers made a tour of the boat before she sailed. At Shanghai he was transferred to a ship belonging to the late Alpheus Hardy, of Boston. He told the master of this ship that he wished to go to America to be educated, and was brought across the ocean by the kind-hearted captain. At Hong-Kong he supplied himself with money by the sale of his sword, the badge of his social rank in Japan, and bought a Chinese New Testament.

On his arrival in Boston, young Neesima was taken to Mr. Hardy, and told him of his desire to learn more of the "Light in the East." Mr. Hardy assured him that there was indeed a Light in the East, and that it should shine for him and his people. He gave Neesima an education at Phillips Andover Academy, at Amherst College, and at the Andover Theological Seminary.

Joseph Hardy Neesima, as he was now called, was ordained to the ministry in Boston 1874, and went to Japan soon after to found the school of the Doshisha, or "The One Purpose," in Kioto and he was connected with the school to the time of his death.

In 1887 Neesima sent to Mrs. Hardy, in Boston, a collection of some thirty varieties of the chrysanthemum. These were given by Mrs. Hardy to two gardeners to propagate, and from them came some of the most wonderfully beautiful flowers ever seen, of forms hitherto unknown in this country, whose fame has filled the Western world.

In the midst of the celebrity attained by the great white, frosty flower, called the "Mrs. Alpheus Hardy," came the news of the death in January, 1890, of Joseph Hardy Neesima in Japan. With its comrades, the flower was a dying token of light and love from the man whose tongue had often repeated the words:

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S LITERARY MISSION BAND.

BY THE REV. CHARLES I. JUNKIN.

A combination of old ideas sometimes results in a novelty. Our "Miner Missionary Society" is, I believe, a novelty of this sort among the varied methods of modern church work, and one of real value. It has been in existence somewhat over two years, and has produced results so far surpassing our brightest anticipations that I feel justified, and even in duty bound, to describe and commend it to fellow-workers among the little folks and the junior young people.

The organization is at once a mission band and a literary society. Any member of the Sunday-school, of ten years of age, may become a member of the society upon being duly elected, and, by a very simple little ritual, initiated. All members under twelve years of age are known as passive members, and agree to be present at each meeting, to pay the regular dues, and to give a "sentiment" at roll-call. The active members are required, in addition, to take any part assigned them on the literary programme, and to serve as officers when elected. We have at present about fifty members, from ten to sixteen years of age; most of them in the primary and grammar grades of the public schools, a few in the high school, one in a private school, and several at work.

The meetings are held on the first and third Fridays of each month, in one of the smaller rooms in the church building. It is part of the duty of the sergeants-at-arms to prepare the room for the meeting. At one end is placed a low platform with a small reading-desk upon it; and at the other end, extending nearly across the room, a long table, covered with a pretty blue cloth reaching to the floor in the front and at the ends,—the cover itself being daintily decorated with the society monogram in silver and white. The chairs are then arranged along the sides of the room, the centre of the room being thus left vacant. When the meeting is called to order, the president is in his place behind the table, with the secretary and vice-president on his right and left, while the sergeants-at-arms, each armed with a baton decorated with the society color, take their places, one by the rostrum, and one at each side of the officer's desk.

The meetings are conducted with strict regard to parliamentary law, and considerable progress has been made by the members in knowledge of the principal rules of order. There is no repressing of youthful spirits, and the meetings are thoroughly enjoyable to all concerned; and yet, even when no adults are present, disorder is unknown.

Public meetings are held twice in each year, when a larger room is used, outsiders admitted on cards of invitation, and some special care taken to secure an interesting programme. The other meetings are for members only, visitors being admitted only on a written permit from the executive committee. The private meetings are for the benefit of the members, while the public meetings are held mainly for the pleasure of others, and to show to friends and kindred the progress made.

The order of business is like that in use in most literary societies, and is as follows: Devotional exercises, minutes, reception of new members, programme closing with roll-call, reports, nominations for membership, elections to membership, election of officers, old business, new business, announcements.

The first programme in each month is of a general literary character; the second has to do specially with religious and missionary topics. At the close of every programme the roll is called, and each member rises and gives a "sentiment,"—that is, a verse, a proverb, or the like.

The programmes are prepared by myself, the pastor of the church, an active member of the society in good standing. When the outline is prepared, the programme is placed in the hands of the executive committee, which proceeds to appoint a member to fill each part. This committee keeps a record of all appointments, so that all members shall have an equal share in the work; and here also the pastor usually lends his aid, by attending the meetings of the committee and giving counsel. These appointments by the committee are absolute, and the members are bound to fill them under penalty of a fine. Originally the fine was in the sum of ten cents; but it was found that a member inclined to shirk would sometimes prefer to pay the fine rather than do his duty, and the society thereupon promptly and unanimously raised the fine to the prohibitory figure of fifty cents.

A few words here as to fines. After each meeting, the secretary reports on a prepared blank form to the executive committee all fines incurred at the meeting, and the committee, after hearing the excuses of delinquents, remits the fine in all proper cases, and reports at the next meeting, when all unexcused fines are charged up on the treasurer's book. These fines are imposed, not for the sake of increasing the revenue, but to serve as reminders, or as punishments. The fine for absence, for example, keeps before the members the fact that they are expected at every meeting, and will be held to account for absence. In like manner, the heavy fine for non-performance reminds them that a failure to take part on the programme is a serious offence in the eyes of the society. This latter fine has been imposed but twice since it was placed on the books, over a year ago. —*Sunday-School Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 14, 1892.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.—Acts 5:1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. 6:7.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 4:32-37.—Christian Liberality.
T. Acts 5:1-11.—Ananias and Sapphira.
W. Gal. 6:1-18.—"God is Not Mocked."
Th. Prov. 12:17-28.—Lying Lips an Abomination.
F. Josh. 7:10-26.—The Accursed Thing.
S. 2 Kings 5:20-27.—Gehazi's Sin and Punishment.
S. Eccl. 5:1-13.—Pay What Thou Hast Vowed.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Sin Committed. vs. 1, 2, 7, 8.
II. The Sin Detected. vs. 3, 4, 9.
III. The Sin Punished. vs. 5, 6, 10, 11.

TIME.—A.D. 30-31. It is impossible to tell exactly when this event occurred, but probably within three or four years after the founding of the church at Pentecost. Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

The apostles continued their work as witnesses for Jesus with great boldness and success, notwithstanding the command of the council. The disciples were bound together in the closest sympathy and love. They were of one heart and one soul. Many sold their property to give aid to the poor. Among them was Barnabas, who afterward became the companion of Paul. In dark contrast with him and with the holy life of the church is the hypocrisy and deceit of which we have an account in this lesson.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Sold*—professedly to give to the poor. 2. *Kept back*—pretending to give it all (v. 8). *Laid it at the apostles' feet*—in public, at a meeting, thus seeking notoriety as a liberal man and a saint. 3. *Why hath Satan*—"he is a liar and the father of it." John 8:44. *Lie to the Holy Ghost*—because the offering was made to God rather than to man. 4. *While it remained*—undedicated to God. No one compelled him to give it away. *Why hast thou*—though the lie was of Satan, it was none the less of Ananias. The devil can fill no heart without that heart's consent. James 4:7. 5. *Fell down*—God took the case into his own hand and punished the sin by a fearful judgment. 6. *Buried him*—the Jews usually buried their dead the same day they died. 8. *She said*—if Ananias only acted the lie, it was nevertheless a lie; we may be guilty of falsehood without speaking a word. But Sapphira boldly put it in words. 9. *To tempt*—to try to deceive. 10. *Then fell she down*—an awful punishment for an awful sin.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? How did the apostles show their confidence in God? For what did they pray? How was their prayer answered? How did the apostles preach? How did the disciples feel toward each other? How did they show their brotherly love? What example of their liberality is recorded? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE SIN COMMITTED. vs. 1, 2, 7, 8.—What did Ananias do? Why did he sell his property? What did he do with the price? What was there wrong in this act? What happened three hours later? vs. 7, 8. Did Sapphira know the truth about the sale? About what did they both wilfully lie? In what did this lie differ from hers?

II. THE SIN DETECTED. vs. 3, 4, 9.—Who detected their sin? What four questions did Peter ask Ananias? How can Satan fill one's heart? Luke 22:3. To whom was this lie told? What is their sin called in verse 9? How did Peter know so much about their sin?

III. THE SIN PUNISHED. vs. 5, 6, 10, 11.—What terrible punishment fell upon Ananias? Why was he punished so severely? What was done with his body? What sentence did Peter pronounce upon Sapphira? How was this sentence executed? Why was she so terribly treated? What does every sin deserve? What effect did this event produce on the church? What upon all who heard of it?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should never speak or act a lie.
2. Our most secret sins are known of God.
3. Sin under pretence of serving God is very heinous.
4. Sincerity and purity of motive are the first requisites to acceptable service.
5. Sometimes the greatest severity is the greatest mercy.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Ananias do? Ans. Having sold a possession, he brought part of the price to the apostles, pretending that it was the whole.
2. What did Peter say to him? Ans. Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?
3. Who was his companion in sin? Ans. His wife Sapphira, who, knowing the truth, told Peter that the money brought was all they had received.
4. How were they both punished? Ans. They both suddenly fell down dead in the presence of the apostles.
5. What was the effect of this judgment? Ans. Great fear came upon all the church, and upon as many as heard these things.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 21, 1892.

THE APOSTLES PERSECUTED.—Acts 5:25-41.

COMMIT TO MEMORY v. 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"We ought to obey God rather than men."—Acts 5:29.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 5:12-24.—The Apostles Persecuted.
T. Acts 5:25-42.—Before the Council.
W. Matt. 10:22-42.—Persecution Foretold.
Th. Mark 13:1-13.—Hated of all Men.
F. 2 Tim. 2:1-13.—Suffering and Reigning with Christ.
S. Matt. 5:1-12.—Persecuted for Righteousness' Sake.
S. Heb. 11:23-30.—Affliction with the People of God.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Forbidden to Preach. vs. 25-28.
II. Witnessing for Christ. vs. 29-32.
III. Threatened and Beaten. vs. 33-41.

TIME.—A.D. 30-34; soon after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. The hall of the Sanhedrin, within the temple area.

OPENING WORDS.

The apostles continued their ministry with great power and effect, and multitudes were added to the number of believers. The Jewish rulers were roused to renewed opposition. They arrested the apostles and cast them into prison. The next day they sent their officers to bring them into their presence for trial. The officers soon returned and reported that they had found the prison fast closed and the guards in their place, but the prisoners were not there. God had sent his angel by night and released them. While the council was in great perplexity word was brought that the apostles were in the temple, teaching the people. Again they were arrested and brought before the council.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

28. *They feared the people*—who were now on the side of the apostles. See ch. 4:21. 28. *This name*—the name of Jesus. *Bring this man's blood upon us*—fix on us the crime of putting to death an innocent man. 29. *We ought to obey God*—Revised Version, "we must obey God rather than man." 31. *Exalted*—raised to honor. *With his right hand*—by his power. *A Prince*—for men's obedience. *A Saviour*—for men's salvation. *To give repentance*—Catechism Ques. 87. 32. *We are his witnesses*—and must therefore proclaim these things. *So is also the Holy Ghost*—by the wonders of Pentecost, by miracles of healing and by the conversion of souls. 34. *Gamaliel*—one of the most distinguished of the Jewish rabbis. Paul was one of his pupils. Acts 22:3.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What miracles were wrought by the apostles? What success attended their ministry? What roused the wrath of the rulers? What did they do with the apostles? Who opened the prison doors? What did the released apostles do? What report was brought to the rulers? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. FORBIDDEN TO PREACH. vs. 25-28.—What further report was brought to the rulers? What was then done? Why did they not use violence? What did the high priest ask the apostles? Of what did he accuse them? What had the council before said about this? Matt. 27:25.

II. WITNESSING FOR CHRIST. vs. 29-32.—Who answered for the apostles? What was his reply? How had the rulers rejected Jesus? How had God exalted him? How doth Christ execute the office of a king? How does Jesus give repentance and forgiveness? Who need these gifts? What did the apostles claim to be? How did the Holy Ghost bear witness to these things?

III. THREATENED AND BEATEN. vs. 33-41.—How was this reply received by the rulers? Who was Gamaliel? What council did he give? What reasons did he give for this advice? How was it received? What did the council then do? Did the apostles obey the rulers? v. 42. In what did they rejoice? Meaning of *for his name*? Why is this a real cause of rejoicing?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God is ever ready to defend and deliver his people.
2. He is wiser and stronger than all our enemies.
3. The gospel offers mercy and forgiveness even to those who hate and persecute Christ.
4. We must do what God commands, whatever trouble or danger it may bring upon us.
5. We should be witnesses for Christ though we suffer shame for his name.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did the rulers do to the apostles? Ans. They put them in prison.
2. How were they delivered? Ans. The angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors and released them.
3. What was done the next day? Ans. They were again arrested and brought before the council.
4. What did Peter do there? Ans. He preached the gospel and boldly witnessed for Jesus.
5. What was the result of the trial? Ans. They were scourged and commanded not to speak in the name of Jesus and were then set at liberty.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

UNTRUTH IN THE NURSERY.

Sleep does not "close tired eyelids over tired eyes" as soon as mamma wishes; little restless two-year-old will not lie still; he turns and kicks; frets and worries; mamma becomes impatient. "If you don't lie still and keep the cover on, the spiders will run down the wall and get on your legs," she exclaims. Or, with her knuckles she makes a noise on the bedside and says, "Lie still, the mice are coming." "The dark will catch you if you lie awake," and numberless expressions of similar import are made use of to soothe the little one to sleep. Mamma knows she is uttering a falsehood when she says such things. But Baby is so little he does not know, does not understand; he has only a vague conception of what mamma says, and the impression made by her words is so transient, she argues, if criticised.

"A dewdrop in the infant plant has warped the giant oak forever," and these thoughtlessly uttered falsehoods are not so soon forgotten as mamma thinks. Very soon Baby learns that spiders do not lie in wait for the little restless, sleepless babies, are not ever on the point of running down the wall to walk over his uncovered body. He too learns to "make the mice come," and the first lesson in falsehood is stamped upon the pliant nature, never to be wholly eradicated. Mamma said such and such things would happen, but they did not happen; gradually it dawns upon the little mind that mamma says some things which are not true.

A few weeks ago, while talking with a neighbor I spoke of a recent visit to the greenhouse only a short distance away. She said she had never been to the greenhouse, though she had promised little Harry for a year or more to take him to see the flowers, he seemed so fond of plants; she thought it quite a shame that she had neglected to take him, but there were always so many things to do! Here was an unfulfilled promise of a year's standing. Will the failure to make good such promises have no effect upon the characters of my children, leave no impression on their minds? Little Polly said to Sue, "My doll's all broke; Mamie broke it; mamma said she'd buy me a new one, but she hasn't done it yet, an' I don't believe she ever will." Had little Polly been deceived until her experience formed a basis for disbelief in her mother's promises?

"Never you mind, sir," retorted Mrs. Pipchin. "Remember the story of the little boy that was gored to death by a mad bull, for asking questions." "If the bull was mad," said Paul, "how did he know that the boy asked questions? Nobody can go and whisper secrets to a mad bull. I don't believe that story." "You don't believe it, sir?" repeated Mrs. Pipchin, amazed. "No," said Paul. "Not if it should happen to have been a tame bull, you little infidel?" said Mrs. Pipchin. How many well-meaning mothers, grandmothers aunts, uncles, cousins, play the role of Mrs. Pipchin! And how many little ones are imbued with the questioning spirit of little Paul Dombey, who have all sorts of incredulous, untruthful answers imposed upon them!

Papa and mamma were going to the neighboring town, to be gone all day. "What will you bring me, mamma?" asked six-year-old Alice, as they were driving away. "Oh, if you are a good girl, I'll bring you a silver nothing and a golden wait-a-while," said mamma with a little laugh. All day long, visions of beautiful toys danced before the mental vision of little expectant Alice. She could not form any definite conceptions of what her mamma had promised to bring her, but she felt sure they would be something as beautiful as fairyland, all covered with silver and gold. When mamma returned, little Alice was nervous with joyous anticipations; she waited, and watched, but mamma said nothing about the "promised" gift! At last, able to endure the suspense no longer, she said, "Mamma, I was a good girl; did you bring it for me?" "Bring what, child?" "What you said you'd bring, a silver and gold something." "Oh, you stupid little dear; mamma said she'd bring you a silver nothing and a golden wait-a-while; you see, dear, it doesn't mean anything," and mamma kissed the little quivering lips; but she did not know what a heart-struggle, what a bitter disappointment, she had caused by her carelessly uttered words; nor did she dream of adding insult to injury, as it were, when relating the matter to a friend in the presence of heart-broken Alice, laughing the while over the matter-of-fact nature of the dear child.—*Babyhood.*

WHAT IS THE GAIN?

Self-sacrifice comes natural to women. Much of it is born in them, and what is not is ground into them from their childhood by education. For the sake of her home duties a girl gives up amusements and privileges which her brother would never be expected to forego for the like reason.

As she grows older, this spirit grows, encouraged by all tradition and outside influence. Often its power masters her altogether, and her life becomes one long devotion to endless labor and acceptance of unpleasant things, that the pleasant part of living may be kept sacred for the rest of the family.

The purely useless side of this entire self-abnegation must sometimes strike the beholder. Such effacing of individuality is not uncommon. And it gives as little real benefit to the family as it does to the individual.

Putting aside the moral effect on the younger members of a family, brought up to regard their mother as a machine run for the family service, does the woman who so gives herself for the well-being of her family really accomplish all she desires?

If she work without pause or slackening day in and day out, does she always feel satisfied, with the admiring on-lookers, that it is the noblest way to so spend her health and energies!

If she renounces all recreation and higher life for herself, and gives up all communion of mind and spirit with her husband and children, is the reward adequate that is paid to them in a better kept house, a more bountifully supplied larder or handsomer clothes?

If over-fatigue causes her to become petulant or complaining is not the atmosphere of home more greatly injured than the added cleaning and cooking can repair?

If she is too worn out to give sympathy and help to the children's joys and sorrows, what do the finer clothes and furniture obtained avai?

And if, as sometimes happens, outraged nature gives way, and others must step into the breach, do their own work and the played-out woman's as well, and take care of her into the bargain, what has she gained by her extreme efforts that she has not lost by the break-down?

A life laid down in a worthy cause is not lost, but gained: but is this cause worthy? —*Harper's Bazar.*

"MOTHER WASN'T VERY STRONG."

No, she was not strong. She had never been very strong. Farmer Grey knew, when he married her. Eight children called her mother. She made all of their clothes and did her own house work, and yet, "mother was not very strong."

Farmer Grey said it often and always regretfully.

Perhaps he was unselfish enough to wish that she were stronger for her own sake, but I fear not. He was a very robust, active man, and exceedingly anxious to "get along" in the world. Therefore, I fear that his regret for mother's feebleness was simply a regret that she could not do more to help him in his schemes for "getting along."

She herself regretted that she was not stronger.

"Father works so hard," she would say, "I feel that I am not as much help to him as I might be if I were a real strong woman."

What more would she have done? What more could she have done? And, what more should she have done?

She kept the house in order. She did a loving, God-fearing mother's duty by her children. She was up early and to bed late. She was busy every hour of the day. She milked and made butter, worked in her garden, cooked for "hands," raised and sold chickens, but never had a dollar of her own.

She could and did, "when father was rushed," go out into the fields and drop corn for half a day, and then come into her hot, stuffy little kitchen and get dinner for fourteen people, and yet—"mother was not strong."

She often wondered if she would ever be strong. She would sit on the kitchen door-step some nights long after the others were in bed, dreading the coming of the morrow and hoping it wouldn't be so very hot. She was afraid she might "give out." She would lean her aching head against the unpainted door-frame, cross her tired hands listlessly in her lap, close her eyes and "wonder" about many things.

Some of her neighbors, with families only half as large as her own, kept a strong hired girl in the kitchen the year round.

She often wondered vaguely how it would seem to have a girl in her kitchen; she wondered how it would seem for her to be away from home over night.

The fondest hope of her life for ten years had been that she might visit her mother, who lived two hundred miles away. She said she wouldn't be afraid to go "such a long ways" alone, and "father" had often said she should go if "such and such a thing turned out well."

These things often "turned out well," but mother never made that visit.

"One thing and another," she said, kept her at home; and one day a messenger came, bringing the news of her mother's death. She would have liked to have gone, even then, to see once more that beloved face, even though it was cold in death.

But father said that, "seeing as she could do no good, there was no use wearing herself out making the trip," so she stayed at home, grateful to father for his thoughtfulness in not wanting her to "wear herself out."

But she was so utterly worn out one day, so worn out in body and mind and soul, that when she clapsed her tired hands over her breast in sleep they were never unclapsed again in this world. There was no response of "Yes, I'm coming," when father called her in the gray dawn of a November day.

The Father who had truly loved her, and who had helped her bear her heavy burdens through all these twenty years, had called her in the night, and I think she was glad to say, "Yes, Father, I'm coming."—*Household.*

MENDING AND DARNING.

We are told that a "stitch in time saves nine;" but it is often the case that a little bit of judicious prevention will save ninety-and-nine. The great difficulty in mending lies in the almost impossible tact of darning the edges of the rent together in good shape. It is a good plan to buy some net lace, such as is used for canopies or draperies, or for the darning-in pattern with which the ladies are familar. If, when the knees of children's garments wear thin, a bit of this lace is basted on the under side and carefully darned down on the outside with fine thread or yarn the color of the fabric, the garment will wear almost as long again. A piece of fine net darned down on the wrong side of a tablecloth will save a large rent, and will scarcely show. A careful housekeeper, who believes that waste of anything is almost a crime, uses course net for darning thin places in towels. It is surprising how much longer they will wear, and how easy the work is. Cut the lace in a square, if possible to use it that way, lay it smoothly on the goods, and with a long needle and very soft thread follow the meshes of the lace in and out, each mesh alternating until the edges are sewed fast. Be careful not to take the stitches through to the right side, at least if it is desirable not to have the patch show through. Then a few judiciously distributed runnings down on the right side of the goods, being very careful to follow the grain of the fabric, and make a short stitch on the right with a long stitch on the wrong side, and a great deal of hard work in the way of later patching will be avoided.

It is surprising how many uses one will find for this lace, once it is kept in the work basket. A couple of yards of mosquito netting will furnish a great many patches, and will also make the most convenient and useful bags for buttons, thread or many sorts of garden seeds. Indeed, its uses are manifold, as any housewife will find once she makes the experiment.

KITCHEN FLOORS.

No one can deny that an unpainted kitchen floor, scrubbed as white as it may be with soap, sand and hot water, is fair to see, but when we think of the work necessary to keep it in this immaculate condition it loses half its charm.

If everyone knew how well a painted kitchen floor looks and the saving of hard work it brings, it would be the rule instead of the exception.

A friend writes me: "I have just finished painting my kitchen floor, and you ought to see how nice it looks. I feel very proud of having done it myself, and will send you my recipe. Get three quarts of linseed-oil, six pounds of yellow ochre and one fourth pound of glue. The day before you want to use it, put the glue into a quart of warm water to dissolve, and have the floor scrubbed so it will be clean and dry when you are ready to put the paint on. If possible, take a day for the painting when the men folks are away and there is no dinner to get. As soon as the work in the kitchen is done in the morning, put the yellow ochre into an iron pot with one gallon of hot water and the dissolved glue. Stir all together and let it boil until well mixed and smooth. Put it on the floor while boiling hot and let it dry. Do not walk over the floor more than necessary, and after supper put on a coat of hot linseed-oil. This will make the color darker and will be dry by morning.

All that is needed to keep this floor clean is an occasional mopping with warm (not hot) rain-water. Never use soap or a scrubbing-brush on a painted floor.

PUZZLES NO. 15.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Where is "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise?"

Where is "Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies."

Where is "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man."

J. B. MUNN.

WORD SQUARE.

A flower. Elliptical. Part of a ship. A girl's name.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why should oil countries be surrounded by water?
2. Why is a dog with a broken leg like a boy at arithmetic?
3. Why will not a soldier read Robinson Crusoe?

J. B. MUNN.

CHARADE.

I shoot, but never kill a bird;
I fall—where none can say.
Though fixed, I move: though seen by all,
I yet am far away.
Cut off my head,—when rightly used
And underfoot it's tied,
A class of men at once I'm made,
Who use me for a guide.
Transpose me now,—the word we have
Will partially explain
How number One by Two is used,
To make their way more plain.
Once more; my first turn heel o'er head,
How sad a change is there!
From what we all so greatly love
To what we cannot bear.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 14.

CONCEALED BIBLE NAMES.

C ain	Gen. 4.
H am	Gen. 9. 18.
R uth	
I saac	Gen. 17.
S hem	Gen. 9. 18.
T yre	Josh. 19. 29.

—Christ.

WORD SQUARE.—P O S E R / O C H R E / S H O E S / E R E C T / R E S T S

ENIGMA.—France.

CHARADE.—Scott, cot co, o.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from H. E. Greene, Jessie M. Wood and Eva Jones.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We regret while announcing the results of our prize competition, we are compelled at the same time to express our disappointment at the class of puzzles sent in. They showed as a rule a lack of thought that surprised us. The first prize we have awarded to R. M. Millman, Woodstock; the second prize to Ethel Millman, Woodstock. A number of others sent puzzles, many of which were not *charades* and so could not be entered in the competition. By watching this column our readers can easily learn what kind of puzzles are called "charades."

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Slice raw potatoes thin, and place them in layers in a baking-dish, strewing over each layer grated bread and a seasoning of butter, pepper and salt; add a few slices of onion or a little chopped celery if liked; moisten with hot water, and bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.

The Family Circle.

ONWARD.

Higher, higher will we climb
  Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
  In our country's story:
Happy, when their welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
  In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
  Win from school and college:
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press
  Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
  Excellence true beauty,
Minds are of celestial birth;
Make we, then, a heaven of earth.

—*James Montgomery.*

MOLLIE'S PUNKIN SEEDS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"It's a quarter. I never had so much in my life before."

A small white-dressed girl was walking along the road toward the little village.

"I'm so glad I've got a pocket. I can stick my hankerchief in my sash, but how could I carry my quarter if I hadn't a pocket?"

The quarter was never, as she walked, in the pocket for more than half a minute at a time. But what would have become of it for that half minute?

"I earned it myself. Nobody gave me a cent of it. I've washed dishes for three months for it. I thought when he said we children were to bring money for the little girl that I never could in the world. And now—it's a quarter."

With a beaming smile, the happy little lassie recalled all she could of the day when the Sunday-school superintendent had told them of a Mexican girl, who could be rescued from want and ignorance, and brought into school to be taught everything which can make life a beauty and happiness to those around her, and a glory to the Lord, who loves little children.

"A whole quarter! I asked mamma to pay it all in one. Tom told me I thought it was as big as a cart-wheel, but I don't. I think it's just as big as a quarter, and that's big enough, I'm sure. Who's that crying, I wonder?"

Mollie was passing through a bit of woods the corner of which was crossed by the road to the village. Turning a little, she came upon a girl about her own age who was, it was easy to see at the first glance, in great trouble.

"Dear me," exclaimed Mollie, in a burst of dismay and sympathy. The little girl was bending in despair over a pile of broken flower pots mixed with earth and broken plants.

"How did you do it?" asked Mollie.

The little girl sobbed harder than before, probably because it was more of a comfort to cry when somebody was there to hear and to be sorry for her.

"I was coming along with this basket and the pots in it, and the tomato plants in 'em, and they was awful heavy"—

"Of course they was," said Mollie, as the little girl stopped for a sniff.

"And I just give 'em a little lift onto this stump to rest a bit, and when I went to lift 'em down they fell and broke, so"—

Such a storm of sniffs and sobs came that Mollie was half beside herself, as she stood looking at the wreck and the small girl.

"I guess the plants won't be hurt," she said, carefully taking up some of them. "See, they ain't broke much. Can't we pack 'em into the basket, and they'll be as good as ever?"

"P'raps so. But the pots is broke. Pap'll have to pay the gardener man for 'em, and he'll whip me."

"Oh, dear!" This was another distressing feature of the distressing business.

"Does he whip hard?" she asked.

"Yes, awful. He takes a strap."

"What's your name?" asked Mollie.

"Bessie Hill."

With a very woe-begone face she wiped her eyes and began helping Mollie to settle the plants in the basket. When it was done Bessie said "Thank you" and "Good-bye," and was walking on.

"Stop a minute!" Mollie called after her, going slowly toward her, full of very busy thoughts. Could she? How could she? How could she not? She wanted to help the little girl who was far away, but here was a little girl near home who needed help.

"Here," she said, holding out her hand. "You take my quarter. Won't it be enough to pay for the pots?"

"Oh, plenty." Bessie's eyes beamed with joy. "But I don't want to take your money," she said.

"Yes, you must. I was going to take it to the missionary meeting, but I would rather give it to you."

"You're no end good." Bessie's tears came again as she looked gratefully into Mollie's eyes. "See here," she put her hand into her pocket. "I'll give you some of my punkin seeds. The gardener man gave 'em to me. He says they're a awful nice kind. You can make punkin pies with 'em—not the seeds, but the punkins, when you've raised 'em. I'll divide even with you."

"Thank you," said Mollie. She slipped the pumpkin seeds into her pocket and started toward the village. But after walking a little way she stopped. What good was it for her to go to the meeting? There was no quarter in her pocket, nothing but the seeds, and who ever heard of taking pumpkin seeds to a missionary meeting. Her white dress, too, and her hands—how they were soiled by the earth. She did not look fit to go anywhere except home.

It was a comfort to think she had comforted Bessie, but still it was rather a heavy little heart which Mollie carried with her on the way homeward. There was to be another missionary meeting late in the fall to see how much more money could be raised to help on the little Mexican girl, and Mollie sighed to think how many dishes must be washed if she wanted another quarter to take to it.

She planted the pumpkin seeds in the corner of her father's corn field nearest the house. She watched anxiously for them to come up, watering them often and carefully softening every bit of earth about them. The little green shoots peeped out in good time, and grew as if determined to show what pumpkin seeds could do.

"My land's good, and most of things on it do fairly well," said Mollie's father, "but the way them pumpkin vines grows beats me."

They seemed running races with each other, some of them keeping along the fence, while others struck in among the rows of corn as if bound on an exploring expedition. Mollie rejoiced over the great yellow blossoms, then over the small green pumpkins. How they grew and grew. One pumpkin close in the corner grew in a way which her father declared went ahead of any pumpkins he had ever seen, and he had seen a good many. One morning he cut every other pumpkin from the vine which bore it, telling Mollie it was to send all the growth into that one.

Mollie petted it as if it had been the choicest flower in the world. When it began to turn to a rich gold color, she said: "I'm going to sell it. Do you think I can get a quarter for it, papa?

"I guess you can if it keeps on this way," said her father.

"Then I shall have two quarters to give," said Mollie, for the dish washing had kept on all the time.

The pumpkin kept on. It grew faster than any other pumpkin, and it grew on long after all the other pumpkins seemed to think they had done their duty and it was time to take a rest. When it stopped growing it was as big as a bushel basket, and papa said it must be sent to the county fair.

"And p'raps you'll get a premium on it, Mollie," he said. "I've known pumpkins no bigger'n that bring a dollar premium."

A dollar! Four times as much as a quarter.

"If I got that," said Mollie, gravely, "I do believe I'd have the punkin for punkin pies—if it would be just as good after getting the premium?"

"Just as good," said papa.

The pumpkin went to the fair. Mollie and Tom and their father and mother did not go until the fourth day of the week during which the fair lasted. When they reached there they found a wonderful show of all the fine things which grow on farms, but you may be sure the pumpkin was the first thing Mollie looked for.

"There's a blue ribbon tried on it," she cried.

"That means it's took the first prize," said her father.

All the way home Mollie talked about the premium which was to go to the missionary society, and the pies which were to be made out of the great pumpkin. It was to be cut into small pieces, and a piece sent to some of the neighbors on the day before Thanksgiving.

Her father had asked a man, who was going to the fair on the last day, to bring the pumpkin home. When he came into sight, Mollie followed her father to the gate to see it lifted out of the waggon. But she could not see anything which looked like the gold-colored vegetable.

"I ain't got it," said the neighbor. "There's been a great mistake made, and the folks at the fair's cut up your punkin, so there wasn't a piece left worth bringing."

Poor Mollie stared in dismay. No premium, blue-ribbon pies for Thanksgiving—nothing but common pumpkin pies.

"How came such a mistake to be made?" asked her father.

"Why, you see, the man that took the second premium on punkins had give out as he'd sell the seeds of his punkins. So when a lot o' the farmers was crowdin' 'round in a hurry' every one of 'em keen to get hold o' some o' the seed, they got hold o' the wrong punkin, and most every seed was sold before I got there. But I grabbed what was left and brought 'em to you, little one," he went on with a kindly smile at Mollie. "Here they be—a good handful. And here's the money—a nickel apiece they went for, and cheap, I say. Nigh about two hundred seeds sold, so they told me."

Mollie's eyes grew big as the farmer held out to her a little bag heavy with small change. She carried it into the house and showed it to her mother, and a gentle-faced old woman who sat by the fire knitting.

"Isn't it the most astonishing thing you ever heard of, grandma?" she said, with a little catch in her breath.

"No," said Grandma. "That grew from a silver seed, as I look at it. You planted your missionary quarter in a different soil from what you meant to, and I'm ready to hold that the blessed Lord sent his brightest sunshine and his softest rains into its growth."

Molly spent an hour counting her money, so as to be sure of dividing it into two even halves. She had a little talk with her mother, and then put on her bonnet, saying:

"I'm going to give half of it to Bessie Hill."—*Interior.*

WHO FETCHES THE BEER?

BY BERTHA FARR.

'Tis a queer thing when you come to think of it. John—that's my husband—always would have it he couldn't do without his beer. So, as reg'lar as dinner-time or supper-time came round, out I must go, or send, to get the big brown jug filled.

Now does it stand to reason that I could leave my cookin' in the middle, and jaunt off down street? It couldn't be done, with John wantin' his dinner strict to the minute.

There wasn't nobody but our Willie to send, so he had to go. Much against my will, 'tis true, but I couldn't well help it.

Funny enough, 'twas John himself put a stop to it.

One dinner-time I'd sent Willie to fetch his dad's beer, and John came along just as the child had stopped round the corner to have a drink out of the jug, child-like.

John he comes indoors in a fine wax.

"Never you send that boy for beer to the public again," says he. "I won't have him learning to take his drops."

It was on my tongue's end to say, "Don't drink it yourself; then there'd be no need to send for it."

But up spoke my Willie, quite innocent-like, and he says—

"Dad, if you drink the jugful, why mayn't I have a little sup?"

"Beer ain't good for little boys," says John, short and sharp.

"No, not a jugful ain't, dad. I'll wait till I'm as big as you are for that," says Will.

John only grunted. He didn't finish off quite the jugful, that time, and I put the rest down the drain, to poison the rats.

That evenin' John comes home early. He sat and sat, and fidgeted, and fussed. Then, all on a sudden, he breaks out—

"Ain't there no Band of Hope as that boy can go to near here?"

"To be sure," says I. "There's one at the mission hall, just close by."

"Send him there, then," says John. "There's the money if there's aught to pay."

Of all things! If that wasn't good! His own father learnin' him at home all the week how to like the drink, and sendin' the boy to strange folk one evenin' out of the seven to just unlearn his own dad's teachin'.

It didn't seem to fit well with some things John spouted about at his club—about Government ought to respect the rights of the weak, and see they ain't put upon nor dealt unfairly by. He's as wise as an owl after bein' at them meetin's.

Of course, I can't be supposed to understand their talk; but it do seem queer as these men should set up to teach Government their duty, while some of 'em don't, or won't, set about governin' theirselves and their own home and remember the rights of their wives and little children.

Women knows nothin' about it, John says. But I think my own thoughts, and this one thing I sets down as clear as daylight. If you wants to keep the town streets clean, sweep before your own door; likewise, if you want a good sober country let the menkind order their own house—as the Bible says—instead of going out so much to spout at club meetin's and leavin' the children on the mother's hands, or to take their chance, just as it happens.

Glad enough was I to send Willie to join the Band of Hope, and glad to have him sit at home in the evenin's and read out to me the papers and hymns he got at the meetin's. John wasn't particularly glad to hear some of 'em, they touched him up rather sharp; he'd give a twitch and a jerk but go on listenin'. It did him good. After a while he took to holdin' a readin' meetin' of three in our kitchen—that was him and me and Willie; and the pence as used to walk down street inside that big brown jug goes in papers and books nowadays.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S PRAYER.

In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchenmaid in a farmhouse. She had many styles of work, and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious; they saved money enough after a while to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home the young wife rose at four o'clock, entered the front dooryard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "Oh, Lord, if thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they became prosperous; one, a member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the dooryard. All of them were wealthy. Four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling-houses for laborers at cheap rents, and when they were invalided and could not pay, they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land and opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and good works of the Crossleys. Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings.—*Talmage.*

No Man can do much for the world unless he also does a great deal for himself.

To Rejoice in the happiness of others is to make it our own; to produce it, is to make it more than our own.—*James.*

THE MOTHER OF JOHN WESLEY.

One of the places in London very interesting to me is Bunhill Fields, where sleeps Susanna Wesley, close to the grave of John Bunyan. Here, at her burial, her famous son, the founder of Methodism, preached one of his most eloquent and pathetic sermons. She was his ideal woman, and he never found another like her.

She was the youngest child of Dr. Samuel Annesley, a prominent Nonconformist minister in London, and was born January 20, 1669. She was a person of uncommon beauty, as well as uncommon mind; she was skilled in Greek, Latin, and French, and in logic and metaphysics.

At twenty she married Samuel Wesley, a young minister, the son of a minister, and the grandson of a minister. His salary was thirty pounds a year, which he doubled by writing. As this sum proved too small for his growing family, the living of Epworth was given to him with two hundred pounds a year.

Of the seven children born in the first seven years of their married life, three died, and another was continually ill, so that the young wife's hands were full. Mr. Wesley, besides his parish work, was writing poetry, a *life of Christ* in ten books, his Old and New Testament in verse, and several other works of a like character, which had a meagre sale. He gradually became in debt to the amount of over three hundred pounds, which he could never pay, and which proved a weary load as long as he lived. Often the family were penniless. Once, when their deep poverty became known, the Archbishop of York went to see the minister's wife, and said, "Tell me, Mrs. Wesley, whether you ever really wanted bread?"

"My Lord," said she, "I will freely own to your Grace that, strictly speaking, I never did want bread. But then I had so much care to get it before it was eat, and to pay for it again, as has often made it very unpleasant to me. And I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all."

Mrs. Wesley's fifteenth child, John, came into the home June 17, 1703, (old style). The family were growing poorer still. Mrs. Wesley, ill, but never discouraged, had established a school in her own house for her children, which she taught six hours a day for twenty years.

Her family were reared with the utmost Christian care and love. If a child confessed a fault, he was never punished; and therefore "much lying was avoided," said Mrs. Wesley. They were taught great courtesy to one another. A servant was never allowed to give a child anything unless he said, "Pray give it."

She was very patient. Once, when she repeated the same thing to one child twenty times, her husband said, "You have told that child *twenty times the same thing.*"

"If I had satisfied myself by mentioning it only nineteen times," she replied, "I should have lost all my labor. It was the twentieth time that crowned it."

Mr. Wesley was finally arrested by one of his creditors and sent to Lincoln gaol. His wife sent her rings—probably they were not very expensive—to help pay the debt, but the minister sent them back. He wrote to Archbishop Sharpe that he was "getting acquainted with my brother gaol-birds as fast as I can;" reading to them talking with them and preaching. After three months, about half of his debts were paid by friends, and he went home to his rejoicing family.

When John Wesley was six years old, the Epworth home was burned to the ground. The father made heroic efforts to save all his children; and when the cries of John were heard, and all seemed powerless to aid, Mr. Wesley had them kneel in the garden while he commended his boy to God. The child was eventually saved by one man's raising another man on his shoulders and lifting the boy from the window just as the roof fell in.

Besides writing some theological books for her children, carrying on the school, and sending letters to her sons as soon as they went away to fit for college, trying to cheer them in their poverty, and instruct them in all religious matters, when her husband was away at *convocations* in London, Mrs. Wesley held religious meetings at her home, and hundreds gathered, to whom she read a sermon and talked of the love of Christ. Many came and were blessed who had not been inside of a church for years. When remonstrated with about holding such meetings, because "she was a woman, and not a minister," she told her husband that he must "command" her to stop; otherwise, she could not answer to God for this precious opportunity to save souls.

While John and Charles were at Oxford they began, with two or three others, to visit the poor, the sick, and those in gaol, at the same time they carried out the method of the Wesley household, as their mother wrote them, to take a certain time for study, for eating, for recreation, so as never to waste a moment. For this reason they were nicknamed "Methodists."

Both sons became ministers, and devoted their lives with ardor to their work. John wrote to his brother Samuel: "Leisure and I have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live." He began to rise at four o'clock in the morning for his work,—he was a great student,—and continued in this habit for sixty years.

John Wesley's enthusiasm began to be greatly feared. The churches were refused him. Even the prisons were closed against him,—about the last place where conversions might be expected to do harm! Then he and his friend Whitefield began to preach in the open air. Twenty thousand and more often gathered to hear Wesley. Samuel, his eldest brother, was distressed

JOHN WESLEY.

at the strange events; but Mrs. Wesley went to the meetings, and blessed God, for this was the very thing for which she had been praying for years, that her sons might win souls.

The Methodists were persecuted in all ways. They were called crack-brained enthusiasts and mad dogs. Wesley was struck by clubs till blood flowed from the mouth. Sometimes stones hit him in the forehead, but he wiped away the blood and preached on. Women were trampled upon, houses set on fire, cattle driven among peaceful congregations.

Thousands were converted. The old foundry in London was purchased by Wesley for his new society, and thither his mother came to live with her idolized John after her husband died. Here they talked over theological matters together, and she advised, and he took her counsel.

When he was thirty-nine, he visited the old home at Epworth; and, not being allowed to preach in his father's church, the eloquent man preached to great congregations for eight evenings on his father's grave in the churchyard. Often the vast concourse of people wept aloud.

Help for the poor went hand in hand with his preaching. When he was eighty-five years old, the white-haired old man spent five days in the streets of London to collect funds for the poor. This he did each year. He gave away all that he received. When Wesley was old, he wrote in his journal: "*For upwards of sixty-six years*, I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can, that is, all I have."

Charles was writing his more than six thousand hymns, and John was organizing societies and schools all over Great Britain, scattering books and tracts, and winning thousands upon thousands of souls. Susanna Wesley had lived long enough to see that her care and love had paid abundantly.

When John, who was preaching in Bristol, heard of her last illness, he rushed to London, and sat down on the side of her bed. She was buried August 1, 1742, in Bunhill Fields, before "almost an innumerable company," says her son, who preached to the people there gathered. "God buries the workman, but carries on his work," said Charles, and the remarkable sons of a remarkable mother went on in their heroic labors.

John Wesley's work seems almost incredible. It is estimated that during the fifty years of his itinerant ministry he travelled a quarter of a million miles, usually on horseback, reading as he went; he preached more than fifty thousand sermons, a large part of these in the open air; he wrote books, superintended schools and churches, and talked personally to hundreds of thousands about salvation. When he was very old, he preached while friends supported him on each side. When he was nearing the end, it was difficult for him to speak. He wanted to write but could not hold his pen. Finally, by an almost superhuman effort, he lifted his arm in triumph, saying, "The best of all is, God is with us." "Farewell," he said at last, and was gone.

Remembering the dying words of his mother, "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God," they sung beside the body of their beloved John:—

> "Waiting to receive thy spirit,
> Lo! the Saviour stands above:
> Shows the purchase of his merit,
> Reaches out the crown of love."

He said "The world is my parish." So it has proved. He died in 1791. A century has gone by. There are in the world to-day forty-two thousand itinerant Methodist ministers, eighty-seven thousand local preachers, six million members of Methodist churches, and twenty-five million adherents.

One of the leading men of this country has called Mrs. Wesley one of the two greatest women of the last one hundred and fifty years. "By their fruits ye shall know them."—*Sarah K. Bolton, in the Golden Rule.*

OUR POOR LITTLE SISTERS IN CHINA.

In China they have a great dislike to girls, and it is, with some rare exceptions, a great misfortune when one is born into a family. Little girls have nothing to expect from their birth to their death but scorn, blows and suffering of all kinds. In our city Yuh-shan, they drown them, horrible to say, almost as we do kittens! No value is set on their lives; these poor ignorant people do not know that God has said, "Thou shalt not kill."

In rich families they save the lives of two girls at most. Often, when women come to visit us, before speaking to them of Jesus, I begin the subject by inquiring about their families. I ask if they have a mother-in-law, a husband, children? To this last question they reply, perhaps, "Yes, I have *two* children, and, alas! one or two daughters." "How many have you *drowned or destroyed?*" I then ask. "Oh," they reply, often with a conscience perfectly at ease, "I have drowned three," or "I have drowned two." Others, "I have given them to a woman who wanted to bring them up, to sell them in due course to such as might want wives for their sons."

We have sometimes had staying with us the mother of one of our Christian women. This woman had had twelve daughters, ten of whom she had drowned in a pail of water! Does it not make you shudder? Were I to tell you all the horrors which are committed under my eyes, people might doubt them; and yet I should only be telling the exact truth.

At the age of five or six commences the torture of the feet. The toes are bent round on the sole of the foot, the great toe remaining free. Then a bandage, ten yards or more long, holds them in that position. They roll this bandage round the heel and then round the end of the foot as tightly as possible. As the *foot* takes the desired shape, the bandage is tightened still more. The shorter a girl's feet, the more beautiful and graceful is she accounted, and the better chance has she of finding a good match. The mothers, or the women who have charge of the little girls, pay particular attention to this barbarous business.

Often when I am on the road walking briskly on my two good big feet, precious gifts which God has made to his creature, I am filled with pity as my eyes meet a poor little girl sitting on the doorstep of her miserable dwelling, holding first one then the other of her poor little feet in her hands and pressing them to relieve the pain. Little girls in rich families never go out. They have such little feet that they cannot walk, and can only hop like poor little wounded birds.

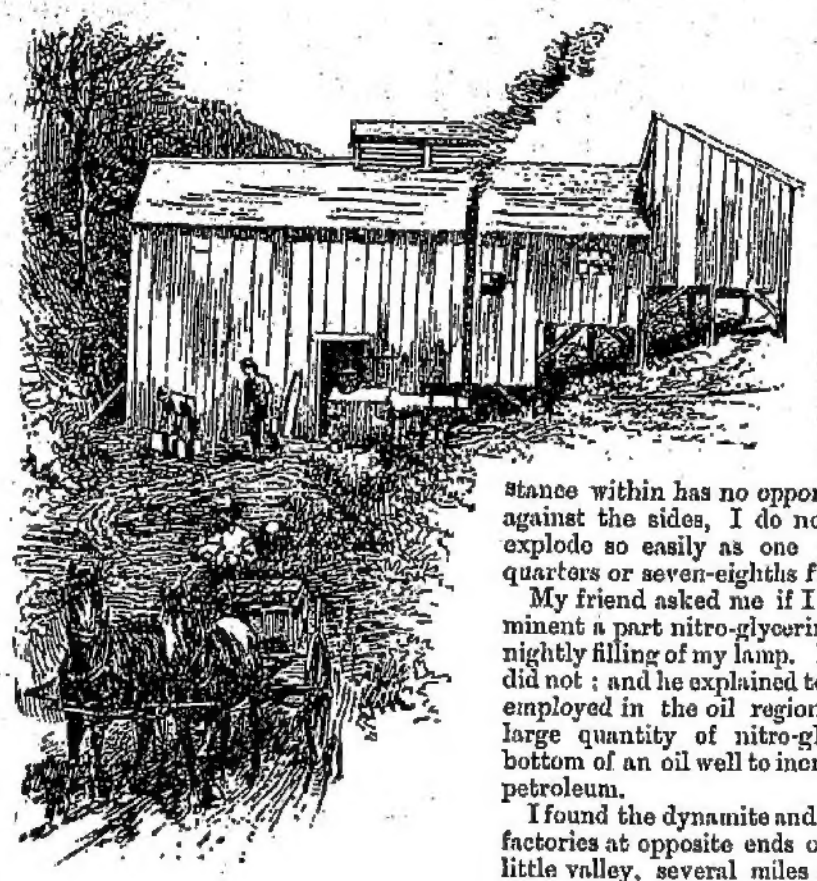
Dear young girls, are not your Chinese sisters to be pitied? Will you not put aside things foolish and transient to think of them before God—to love them as Jesus loves you, and them too?—*Miss Mary Guex, from Semailles et Moissons.*

THE SCHOLARS' BIBLE.

It is important that every scholar have his own Bible. No one is at all likely to become a good Bible student without a copy of the book for his own personal possession, and the volume is needed in the class. Of course there are some who cannot get the books at even the low rates of the Bible Society. Such should be assisted in some way, if possible. But most pupils will be able to induce their parents to procure the books, if they only encourage them to think that they really need one. It is also necessary that they be taught how to take care of and use the Bible when they have it. This will make it easier to get their parents to purchase the books.—*Sunday-school Teacher.*

THE OBJECT OF TEACHING.

How many of the scholars of your class are converted? We have known teachers who could not tell. They were perfectly indifferent as to whether any of their scholars were brought to Christ or not. They must have had a very vague idea of the object of teaching. The teacher who is filled with the Holy Spirit will yearn for the conversion of every member of his class. God will reward the teacher who is thus seeking the salvation of souls with their conversion.—*Living Epistle.*



MAKING NITRO-GLYCERINE.

"Come up to the factory some day, and I'll show you how we make nitro-glycerine," was the invitation I received one afternoon in the oil country from an extensive manufacturer of the terrible explosive.

The invitation was a very cordial one, but there were considerations which made me somewhat slow in accepting it. "We have about seven tons of dynamite in one magazine, and two tons of glycerine in another," said my would-be host. These were among the considerations which deterred me.

"But," he added, "there's no particular danger in looking at the dynamite unless the building catches fire. You can play baseball with the cartridges, and they will never strike back, or you can pour the dynamite out on the ground and set fire to it without being injured. Unconfined the explosive will burn harmlessly; but I should not advise you to touch a match to a loaded cartridge. When the gases expand, they do so in extreme haste, and if anything tries to restrain them, it breaks, and some one gets hurt."

The nitro-glycerine man laughed rather grimly. Then, apparently thinking that he had not made his invitation quite alluring enough, he continued: "But it's different with nitro-glycerine. Baseball and fireworks are strictly prohibited. Glycerine is easily offended: and when it resents an affront, the world hears about it, but the object of its displeasure never does.

"Glycerine is as fickle and changeable, too, as the wind. One day a slight shock will explode it, and the next you may hit a can with a hammer and live to tell the story. Several years ago I had a very reckless 'shooter' in my employ. One morning I stood near the magazine, watching him as he loaded several cans into his waggon, preparatory to going out to 'shoot' an oil well. We were talking about the dangers of the business, and he laughed at my caution.

"'The stuff won't explode,' he said, scornfully, lifting a can above his head. I sprang toward him with a cry of warning and protest; but before I could reach him the reckless fellow shouted:

"'It won't go off! See!' To prove his assertion, he hurled the can against the side of the factory with all his might.

"For a second my heart seemed to cease beating. I felt sure we were both dead men; but to my intense astonishment, the can, dented and bent out of shape, fell to the grass, and rolled harmlessly to my feet. The fellow laughed at me for one minute, but was out of a job the next. Such recklessness was too great to tolerate.

"A year later this same man, while loading a waggon in another establishment carelessly hit a can against a wheel, it is supposed, and was blown to pieces.

"The first time the glycerine was good-natured; the second time it was otherwise. Of course there must be an explanation of the inconsistent conduct of the compound; but investigation is attended with so much danger that it is still a mystery.

"The glycerine's readiness or reluctance to explode doubtless depends upon its quality. One run of stock may be well washed and clean, and another may be full of impurities. If a can is filled to the very corks, too, so that the substance within has no opportunity to wash against the sides, I do not think it will explode so easily as one which is three quarters or seven-eighths full."

My friend asked me if I knew how prominent a part nitro-glycerine played in the nightly filling of my lamp. I told him that I did not; and he explained to me the process employed in the oil region of exploding a large quantity of nitro-glycerine at the bottom of an oil well to increase the flow of petroleum.

I found the dynamite and nitro-glycerine factories at opposite ends of a picturesque little valley, several miles from the town. Both structures were of very crude architecture, and resembled ordinary sheds or barns. But from the moment we rode down into the narrow gulch, the air seemed filled with whispers of death.

When we entered the dynamite factory, and the glycerine man pointed out the big boxes full of loaded cartridges, explaining that the dynamite made here was merely wood-pulp saturated with nitro-glycerine, I hardly heard what he said, but watched him with hawk-like vigilance.

He picked up a slender brown paper tube that looked like a Roman candle, and which he said was a dynamite cartridge. I held my breath until the tube was safely deposited upon the table again. He poured some of the dynamite, which closely resembled sawdust, into a shell, and rammed it down with a round stick as one would load a musket.

Nothing of an alarming character happened, and I began to breathe with more regularity. I was more at ease as we left the seven tons of dynamite behind, but the same horrible feeling of suffocation and coldness came over me again, as we approached the more dangerous nitro-glycerine manufactory.

The building contained several huge wooden vats, a few pails and barrels, an engine and a great iron, kettle-like receptacle. The glycerine man and his assistants removed their coats, and were soon at work.

The iron receptacle was called an "agitator," and simply described, consisted of a small kettle within a large one. The space between the two was constantly filled with a stream of cold water from a tank on the hill-side. The inner kettle was fitted with several paddles, which were turned by a crank.

About fifteen hundred pounds of acids, sulphuric and nitric mixed, were poured into the smaller kettle. A thin but continuous stream of glycerine slowly followed; the engine began to pant, the crank revolved, the paddles churned the glycerine and acids, and the manufacture of nitro-glycerine was going on before my eyes.

My host controlled the flow of glycerine by means of a stopcock, and watched the agitator and the thermometer which registered the heat of the perilous mixture with unremitting vigilance.

"Nitro-glycerine," my friend said, "is formed by the action of nitric and sulphuric acids upon glycerine. When those red fumes come up, the greatest caution must be observed. They indicate that the oil is on fire, and if the mixture gets warm enough an explosion will follow.

"Do you see that thermometer? The mercury registered sixty-five degrees centigrade a minute ago, but it is seventy degrees now, and still climbing higher. We must stop this at once. Halloo! More steam here!"

He shut off the oil as he spoke, and a second later the paddles in the agitator were churning the mixture much more rapidly. I began to edge toward the door, but the glycerine man called me back.

"I've got it under control now," he said. "The paddles have whipped the oil under the acids and extinguished the fire. The mercury is falling, and I can turn on the oil again now with safety. But if I had not shut it off at once, and if the paddles had not developed more speed, you and I would have enjoyed a foot-race together down the valley. When the mercury gets up to about ninety degrees centigrade, it is much safer to be somewhere else than in its vicinity. This stream of cold water constantly circulating about the base of the agitator keeps the mixture cool. When the weather becomes warmer we are obliged to use ice."

After two hundred and twenty-five or thirty pounds of glycerine had been put in the agitator and stirred a long time the entire mixture was emptied into the "drowning tank." Then it was transferred to other tanks and carefully washed, and at the end of about four hours the milky, amber-tinted nitro-glycerine was poured into rectangular tin cans. These cans were deposited in a huge iron safe, and the explosive was ready for the oil-well "shooters."

The "shooting" of oil wells is the discharge of nitro-glycerine at the bottom of the wells, in order to increase their flow. Nitro-glycerine, rather than the safer dynamite, is used because it can be exploded under water.

The manufacture of nitro-glycerine does not involve a heavy expenditure, and the price of it—one dollar and fifteen cents per quart as exploded in an oil-well—gives a large margin of profit, but without this large profit no one would engage in the dangerous business of manufacturing it.—*From the Youth's Companion.*

THE MISSIONARY AND THE LION.

The Rev. Isaac Shimmin, our missionary to Mashonaland, learned that a lion had attacked a small Mashona village and carried off an ox. Together with another Englishman named Stevens, he tracked the lion to his lair. Mr. Shimmin tells the tale as follows:—

We then proceeded cautiously, and were suddenly thrilled by a low, deep, prolonged growling that seemed to rise from the ground where we were standing. This was quite sufficient to make the two natives fly for their lives. Before we could move another step the lion sprang into view, about thirty yards in front, and came crashing through the bushes towards us. The mingled growl and roar, and the apparently enormous size of the brute, caused by the great bristling mane, the horrible mouth wide open, the flashing eyes, and the noiseless swiftness of his movements, all contributed to form a picture which once seen can never be forgotten.

Two of our party yielded to the impulse of the moment and bolted to the rear. This left Stevens and myself alone to face the angry brute. For a moment I longed for a safer place; but knowing the danger of flight, I prayed earnestly for help and looked to my rifle. By this time Stevens was about ten yards to my left, near some trees; but unfortunately I was in an open space, and, humanly speaking, nothing could save me but a cool and successful shot.

Every movement now took place with lightning rapidity. I raised my gun, but before I could fire the lion suddenly swerved and leaped at Stevens, who instantly fired and then sprang behind a small tree, the trunk only about nine inches in diameter. This undoubtedly saved his life. The lion dashed against the tree with terrific force. The shock was so great that Stevens was thrown violently to the ground, and the lion, growling fiercely like a dog after a rat, again rushed at him. He instinctively put up his right foot to defend himself. The lion seized it in his mouth, and then partly fell, within five yards from where I was standing. I had kept the rifle at my shoulder, waiting for a chance to shoot without endangering the man. The moment the lion stumbled, I fired, the shot breaking his shoulder and going right through his body. The lion released his foot, but made another snap at the toes, when a good shot from one of the men who had been standing some distance behind, and a couple more bullets to make the matter certain, completed our victory. Although I have taken so long to tell the story, the whole occurrence occupied but a few seconds. The roar, the charge, the seizure of Stevens, and the killing of the lion, happened almost together, and almost before we could breathe the danger was past.

We at once looked to the wounded man and found the foot very much lacerated, but no bones were broken. The lion's tooth had actually gone right through the thick sole of the ammunition boot, and up between two of the toes. Another gash had just missed the great tendon of the heel. We carried him back to the waggon and dressed his wounds; and as he is a strong, active man, I expect he will be all right again in a few weeks. We measured the lion, and Mr. Stevens declared it was the largest he had seen in his forty years' African experience.—*Missionary Notices.*

A SLAVE-DRIVER.

The newspaper reporter in a large city sees probably more strange phases of life and human nature than most other men, and if it were his business to preach sermons, could find texts far reaching and impressive. A reporter on a New York daily told the following incident the other day:

A man last week committed suicide in a public library. I was assigned to "cover" the case. The body still lay in a corner of the reading-room. No friends had claimed it. The librarian said:

"I do not know his private history. He has been coming here for years. A quiet scholarly man, who earned his living by translating. He was, no doubt, very poor but a thorough gentleman.

"He was quite a young man when he first came here, and seemed to be a brilliant fellow, full of hope and courage. He worked hard. I understood somehow that he was going to marry. But he never did marry.

"As years went on I watched him grow thin and old before his time. Then he became silent and hopeless; apparently shunned his old companions and would barely answer in a gentle voice if I spoke to him.

"Whatever his trouble was, it was too much for him to bear. But I never thought it would end in—that," glancing at the dumb, motionless figure on the bench beside him. "Whatever it was, it robbed the world of a good man—who might, perhaps, have been a great one."

While the librarian was talking volubly, the coroner's physician was examining the body. I glanced at the dead man's face. It had a look of great age and weariness, inexplicably sad in so young a man. There had been in it noble meanings and a sweet fine tenderness.

The doctor held the man's hand, and pushed the sleeve up upon his arm. He beckoned to me.

"There was his trouble!" he remarked, pointing to countless minute scars on the dead arm. "There are the brands of a slave-owner that drives more men and women into old age and death than any ordinary disease."

"What has made them?"

"Hypodermic injections of morphine. This poor fellow had some pain,—neuralgia or poverty, or heartache,—and one day discovered that a prick of a needle would bring relief. There is the end! Oh, I have heard the same story so many times!"

He arose and covered the dead face. What more could we do? The tale of that life was told.—*Youth's Companion.*

WON'T AND WILL.

Sha'n't and Won't were two little brothers,
Angry, and sullen, and gruff;
Try and Will are dear little sisters,
One can scarcely love them enough.

Sha'n't and Won't looked down at their noses
Their faces were dismal to see;
Try and Will are brighter than roses
In June, and as blithe as a bee.

Sha'n't and Won't are backward and stupid,
Little, indeed, did they know;
Try and Will learn something new daily,
And seldom are heedless or slow.

Sha'n't and Won't came to terrible trouble;
Their story is awful to tell;
Try and Will are in the schoolroom,
Learning to read and to spell.

—*The Gleaner.*

SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By Marquerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER XV.—HAPPY HEARTS.

A dreadful stillness followed this command, and for many long minutes no sound was heard in the great hall but the quick and fitful breathing of my lord, while his heart beat so fiercely that he thought it must be freeing itself from his breast. He sat motionless and deadly pale, gazing fixedly at the portrait of the beautiful lady that hung on the opposite wall; and unconsciously every eye followed his.

Presently the great door swung open, and a little figure appeared from behind the parted tapestries—a lithe and graceful figure, straight and slender as a young oak—and the next moment Sweet William stood before the duke! His young head was thrown back, and his curls hung in rich, loose rings about his shoulders. He looked up, and his eyes were innocently fearless; they were dark, luminous eyes, like those in the portrait. His face was fair and delicate, but it was strong in its angelic purity. And as he stood there alone in the face of so many strange people, with the same look of sweet, unconscious dignity on his childish countenance, a murmur of admiration ran through the astonished crowd. The instant Duke William laid his eyes upon him, he felt himself grow weak and powerless. There was no mistake; Sweet William wore, indeed, his mother's look, and he saw reflected in every feature of the beautiful child the face of his young wife, her tender smile, and the earnest, trustful look that had won his cold heart to her.

Then the good Nurse Mathilde, who had followed him, threw herself upon her knees—not before the mighty Duke of Normandy whose anger she no longer dreaded, but before Sweet William, her brave, beautiful darling, for whose love she would have given her life. She spoke to him alone, and begged his forgiveness alone, when she told him how on that dreadful night she and Lasette had looked on the twin-babes sleeping in the little white cradle, and thought to keep the tender girl, their beloved Geoffrey's babe, safely at the castle as my lord's child, and send his own son William to the dingy tower instead. They feared lest this boy might grow up like his father, cruel and heartless; and they thought the Great Tower a more fitting place for him than for a helpless little maid. They dreaded, as they had good cause to do, a son of my lord; and yet as the good Mathilde had carried him in her arms to the dreary tower that night—then but an innocent and harmless babe—she had felt her heart full of pity for him, and had wept bitterly her own share in his sad fortunes.

But Sweet William had inherited not only the beautiful face, but also the gentle spirit, of the fair young mother who had faded at his birth; and, contrary to all their fearful expectations, he had grown up the dearest and loveliest boy in all Normandy, and Mathilde loved him with all her heart. They had kept their secret bravely, she and Lasette, even from the old keeper, who had shared Sweet William's love; and they had prayed and trusted earnestly that the good God would forgive them and right their wrong, and in his own good time restore the little one to his liberty; and now that this time had come, and some one was near to protect the little Constance, Mathilde felt that she was ready to die for her darling's happiness.

What a terrible blow was this to the proud old duke, to see his own wicked and cruel deeds turned back upon himself; to find that the sorrow he had caused for those he should have loved was now his own! Something stronger than anger laid hold of his heart, remorse for the evil he had done, but still more for the evil he had meditated. He recalled with a shudder the many, many times he had been tempted to take this child's life—this fair, lovable William, his own flesh and blood, the son he had so often wished! But God is merciful even to the ungodly, and Duke William had been stayed, and his hand mysteriously withheld from committing so frightful a sin.

And his beloved Constance—his no longer—the true object of all his fear and hatred,—he had learned to love her as he had never loved any one or anything in all his life before. Now that his love was about to be taken from him, he felt how strong it was, how it rose above every other feeling in his heart—even that of his bitter disappointment, and the indomitable envy which had ruled him all his life.

"Constance is free to go," he said in a strange hoarse voice; and laying his hand on Sweet William's shoulder, he murmured brokenly, "My son! my son!"

But Constance sprang forward, her little heart overflowing with love and compassion.

"Never without you!" she cried—"never without you, my dear, dear father! I know no father but you, and you shall always be mine as well as Sweet William's." And she threw her arms about his neck in her fond and loving way.

This perfect childish trust, this undeserved love, so beautiful and true now in his hour of greatest need, completely disarmed my lord. For a moment it seemed as if great tears stood in his eyes. Every one was moved; even those who had hated him most were touched at the pitiful sight of this wilful old man, so broken down and miserable in the face of a power mightier than he. Every one felt kindly towards him; for there is nothing like the sight of grief to make a noble heart forget its wrongs. The generous young count and the tender-hearted William both forgave him; and when at last my lord rose to go, weak and overpowered, it was no other than Count Philippe and Sweet William who supported his unsteady steps to the door of the great hall.

When every one had gone, and Sweet William was left alone in the stately chamber with his nurse, Mathilde, he stood once more before the lovely face that had so impressed him on his first visit to the great castle; and as he looked again at the portrait with the thought of this great new revelation stirring his young soul, a strange sweet rapture filled him, and he murmured in his heart, "She was my mother!"

There was great rejoicing at Mount St. Michael that night. But what was to so many the reward of years of patient waiting was to Duke William a terrible punishment. It fell heavily upon him—much more so than if he had been young and strong, instead of a broken-down and wretched old man. The shock was too great for him; and that night he lay very ill on his bed, feeling that he had but little time left in which to repent for the misdeeds of a long life. Until a late hour Sweet William and Constance stood on either side of him: and a look of quiet resignation, never worn in his life before, now rested on his face. He spoke lovingly to the little girl, more lovingly than he had ever done before he knew whose child she really was. But when he looked at William, his own sweet, comely boy, whom he might have known and loved these many years, his heart was full of yearning, and he longed to say something that would win the childish heart to him even at this late hour. For oh! there is no more bitter sorrow, in all life's sorrows, than the knowledge that those we love most have suffered wrongs at our unconscious hands.

He drew Sweet William's young head down to his, and said in a voice that was broken and tremulous,—

"My child, my son, I have loved you always, but I did not know it. In my heart there was a place for you, but unknowingly I have kept you from it. O forgive me! and Heaven forgive me, for I am in great need!" And he sank exhausted upon his couch.

At last he took a little hand in each of his own, and looked earnestly at the sweet and innocent faces of the two children; and as he did so the last vestige of bitterness vanished out of his heart, and lo! the love that had so long been divided was united once more. Oh, happy thought, that for one moment, even one short moment, his heart was moved to repentance, and that a life of selfish and wicked motives should close at last with only words of love! It was thus that, in the best and humblest spirit he had ever known, the surly and dreaded William passed away to his rest.

At first Sweet William did not know himself in his new condition, for he had been proclaimed the Duke of Normandy in truth, and had been feasted and welcomed and cheered so heartily by all the good people of Normandy that he was quite bewildered. But otherwise Sweet William himself was unchanged by this great tide in his fortunes. He was still the same innocent little boy, with the wondering look in his great dark eyes, and the tender, loving heart that endeared him to all. The story of his strange captivity was a revelation to many; but to William, who had lived in mystery all his days, and who had learned to accept unaccountable happenings with sweet unquestioning submission, this new glory meant very little; and he remained quite undisturbed by it all. He was only a little sorry to leave the old gray tower—the home that had been made bright for him by love and kindness—and very happy to live in the splendid castle, to go about freely with his dear cousin Constance, to play in the open fields, to enjoy the warm and beautiful sunlight, and to see so many good, kind people who always greeted him with smiles. It was like living in a new world, and a world that was always beautiful. For in those days every one was happy at Mount St. Michael; and save for my little lady, who very naturally mourned the death of Duke William, whom she still called her dear good father, every one was light-hearted, and felt that things had come to a happy close, and rejoiced that so much good had come out of so great an evil. But I think the one who rejoiced the most, and who gave the most fervent thanks to Heaven, was the good nurse Mathilde, who had tried in her honest heart to spare both the dear little ones from any suffering. All her anxious fears and misgivings of past years were forgotten in the assurance of her darling's love, and the knowledge that his noble and generous nature approved of all she had done. For when she related to him, over and over again, the secret that had lain hidden from him in her heart, and as often entreated him to forgive her, he had only embraced her lovingly and said,—

"Dear nurse, you have only taught my father to love his brother's child, and to know his own before his death. If my living in the Great Tower has saved Constance from a day of unhappiness, then have you granted my dearest wish. I have been happy with you in the old place, Mathilde; and we love it, do we not?" And his little voice faltered, as it did many times afterward in remembering the scene of his strangely clouded childhood.

As for my lady Constance, when she realized all that had really happened, she was as much overcome by the thought of her little cousin's wrongs as by her own sorrow. For some singular reason she felt that all the blame rested upon her—that she had caused him to suffer untold miseries; and when she was with him alone for the first time after he had risen to the exalted position of Duke of Normandy, she stood almost in awe of him, and felt he could never love her any more.

"O William, Sweet William," she cried, "what a sinful child I have been! I have robbed you of all that was yours; but I did not know it, indeed I did not. O pray, my lord, put me in the Great Tower now, if it will do any good!" And she fell on her knees at his feet quite stricken down by a sense of her deep guilt. She seemed for the moment to forget their long friendship, the great tie of love that had bound them—everything except that he had suffered a great injury, and, in some way which she could not fully understand, for her sake.

But Sweet William, Heaven bless him! did not forget the light and sunshine she had brought into his dingy home, the childish love she had so freely given him, the happy hours her presence had made for him; and of all the feelings that stirred his heart in those eventful days, none was so strong and so ardent as his love for Constance.

Dear children, there is no more precious thing on all God's earth than a loving and grateful heart—a heart that can forget its own wrongs, but never the love and kindness it has received. Such a heart is the noblest gift a man can possess—greater than beauty and wealth and talents—and it makes more real happiness in this world than all of these put together. It is like a blessed sunbeam, casting its generous warmth on the good and evil alike, and leaving its precious influence everywhere; and in such a heart as that of a little child, it is all the more beautiful because of its youthful ardor and purity.

"Dear, dear Constance," Sweet William said, raising her tenderly and putting his arm about her with an air of sweet protection and the new look of dignity that sat so well upon his youthful countenance, "we are cousins still, and we shall always be. No matter how far you may be from me, I shall always think of you and love you. And when I am a man, Constance, I will come for you, and we shall live again at Mount St. Michael." And although Constance had already learned to love her young uncle the count, and the thought of going back to France with him was not unpleasant, she felt just at that moment that she would rather be a prisoner in the Great Tower all her life than be parted from her cousin Sweet William.

But Count Philippe, who was good and kind, and cared most for these dear children's happiness, had no thought of parting them; and some days later, when they were all three together, he said to Constance,—

"Ask your cousin William if he will go to France with us, in a great and splendid ship."

"To live with us," cried Constance, looking up eagerly—"to be near me always?"

"Yes," said the count with a queer little smile, "always."

And Sweet William consented, saying he could think of nothing that would be more to his liking.

So for some weeks following the two little cousins roamed about Mount St. Michael together—he enjoying his new found liberty and all the delights it brought, and she learning to forget her first childish sorrow. And this was all such a perfect realization of their bright dreams that very soon the little Constance forgot her loss, and was as happy again as any one at Mount St. Michael. And this you will think is saying much, when I tell you that there were some very happy people at the castle just then—two in particular.

And my story would not be complete if I omitted to say that these were old Guilbert and Nurse Mathilde, who were bidden to accompany their young lord to his new home in France. In the excitement of the prospective journey it is said that Mathilde quite lost her head, and actually consented to keep the promise she had made some time before, to become the good keeper's prisoner for life indeed; and what is still more remarkable is that she seemed immensely pleased at the idea; though I think they never again lived in a Great Tower, but spent the remainder of their honest lives in the faithful and pleasant services of their young master.

When at last the day of departure arrived, and my lady had taken a tender leave of all her many friends at Mount St. Michael, not forgetting the noble Roncesvalles, promising to be true to him always and to love him, the two children stood in the vast court-yard of the castle, whither all the good castle-folk and Normans of the village had assembled to bid their little lord God-speed. While the air still trembled with the loving clamor of his name, Sweet William stepped forward, holding his little cousin by the hand, and of his own free will, like a true and brave little nobleman that he was, addressed them in his clear, childish voice.

"My good friends," said he, "do not think we are leaving you for always, and do not grieve at our going. Constance and I will come again—will we not, cousin?—to rule at Mount St. Michael, when I have learned in France how to be a good and brave Duke of Normandy."

And oh, the cheers that rang out after his young lordship's sweet farewell! And how the walls of the old gray castle echoed and re-echoed with the joyous acclamations of the good people! And how they all followed the merry party down to the white shore and waved their heartiest good-byes to the two happy children! It was then that another fair vessel left the shores of Normandy for Calais; and as it sailed out into the beautiful blue Channel and the glorious evening sunshine fell over it like a blessing, none but kind and loving wishes followed after it, and all hearts were merry and glad. For this time no little cousin was left behind, nor was the face of Sweet Willihm ever again seen watching and waiting from the window of the Great Tower on Mount St. Michael.

THE END.

STAR PICTURES AND STAR LESSONS.

From Child's Companion.

VI

Our two next groups will be what I shall call the Cross and the Crown; but the real name of the first is Cygnus or the Swan. You will soon see clearly the shape of a cross in the stars which form the swan, and that will help you to find this group more easily.

The diagram here forms almost a perfect cross, and yet not quite a straight one; and having placed the five counters, you can fancy it represents a flying bird—which this outline will give clearly. Five counters, you see, are needed for this figure.

Fig. 8.

And now for its place in the heavens. We must make it easy to ourselves by going back to the first figure of the Plough. Then show the place of Vega by drawing the triangle as before.

Having found Vega, you must place a counter to the left and lower down for the brightest star and the beam of the cross itself will then form a triangle with the star Vega.

Now place Cygnus in its proper position with regard to Cassiopeia.

I want you at this lesson to remember one grand fact about the stars which we just mentioned before. They are all suns—brilliant burning suns—some smaller, some larger. By suns I mean that they shine by their own light, and are of themselves, glowing, burning bodies like our own sun which gives out its light and its heat to us. One of these is called double, because when carefully examined there are seen to be two stars so apparently near that their light shines almost as one. Some of these can only be seen by the aid of the telescope, but many you could see for yourself on any clear starlight night. If you look closely at the middle star of the Plough handle, you will probably be able to see another small star very near to it. Therefore this middle star. Mizar, is called a double star. The Pole star also is termed a double star; but in this case only a powerful telescope can show you the second star. The star in the neck of Cygnus is also double.

Fig. 9.

Look now at this beautiful set of stars called Corona or the Crown. It is a striking group, and very easy to find at night from the brilliancy of the semicircle of stars. A line from the last star in the handle of the Plough taken across to Vega will form the base of a triangle, at the apex of which lies the crown, one star being much brighter than the rest.

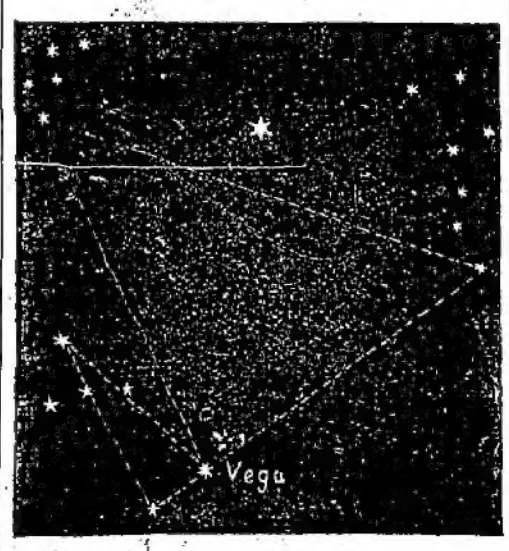


Fig. 10.

Long years ago an old man was called out from his tent at evening time, and told to look up at the stars. You know who that old man was? It was Abraham, and God asked him if he could count the stars.

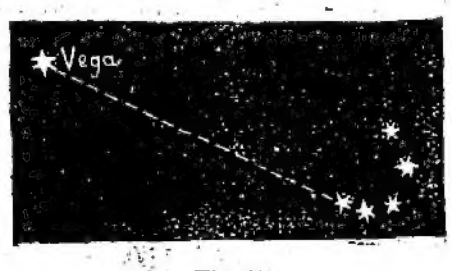


Fig. 11.

Now, when we too look up into that bright starlit sky and see these same shining lights, we must remember that the very same God who could be heard speaking as he said those words, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars if thou be able to number them," that very same God is our Friend too. He keeps those shining lights up there and gives us those eyes to see them with and is still the same as in those by-gone ages "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

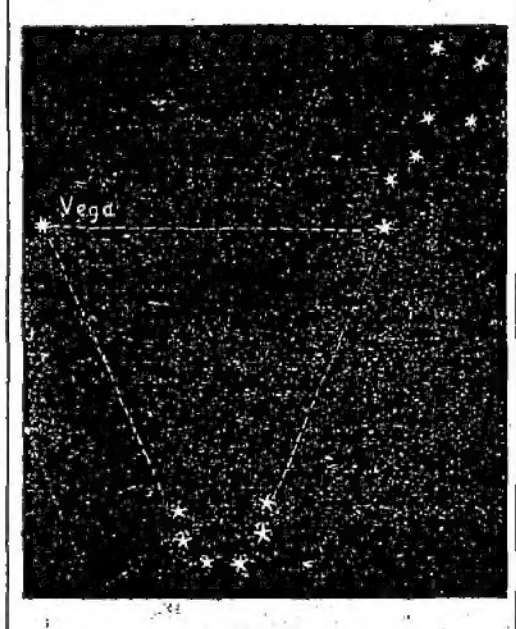


Fig. 12.

And I think he likes us to learn about his works and his beautiful things.

DON'T SMOKE.

Be not rash with thy mouth."—*Eccl. 5: 2.*

My boy, if my nose hath not forgot her cunning—and I think she still carries it on her person—I have a distinct impression as I catch the faint, yet not too faint, perfume of your good strong breath, that although you have cast away the cigarette at my unexpected approach, the scent of the rice paper hangs round you still. Now, suppose we sit down and talk this thing over for, say, five minutes or an hour. What? This preaching about smoking makes you tired? Son, it doesn't make you half so tired as your first cigarette did. If you can truthfully deny that statement I'll agree to buy all the tobacco you can use during your natural life. Another thing; it doesn't make you half so tired to hear me preach, as it makes me to see you try to smoke when you can only spit.

Now, I am not going to tell you how you can get rich. I am not going to tell you that if you will not smoke, but will put your cigar money into the bank every day, and get compound interest on it, and loan it out at exhorbitant rates on cut-throat mortgages, and shut down on a man like a bear-trap every time you get him into a corner, in twenty-five years you will be worth a million dollars. Because, if it would make you that sort of a man to quit smoking and save money, I had rather, a thousand times told, that you would keep on smoking, and smoke like a tar-kiln till you puffed yourself away. I think the "money argument" is almost always weak. I don't want to hire you to "swear off;" I don't want you to reform because there's money in it. Unless your motives are pure and honest and manly, your reformation will be a poor sort of thing. I don't want your resolutions stamped on their face with the dollar mark.

But, I'd rather you wouldn't smoke. If I am mistaken about the odor of rice paper and you don't smoke I am glad of that. And if you do smoke, and will quit, I will be just as glad. Be sensible, now. Can't you see, don't you know—of course you do—that you are going through a great deal of misery to do something you don't like to do? You are enduring with a patience worthy of a much better cause, the sufferings of a martyr, in order to acquire a habit that is distasteful to you; trying to cultivate a taste that makes you sick. Why, if the teacher should forcibly put into your mouth, for a punishment, something one half so nasty and repugnant to your palate and stomach as tobacco, he would be fined in the police court for assault, and would be dismissed from the school by the board of education. If your father, to punish you for some impertinence or bad language, had given you some dose that would have made you as sick as you deliberately made yourself with a cigar last Saturday, you would be justified in running away to sea and turning pirate. You are a boy of spirit, and you wouldn't stand such cruelty from anybody.

Well, now; why should you treat yourself so meanly, when you wouldn't stand it a minute from other people? Why should you try to be a fool, when God endowed you with a fair share of common sense at your birth? When you were only three weeks old, you wouldn't swallow anything you didn't like, after you tasted it. Haven't you as much sense now as you had when you were a baby? Sometimes, in some matters, my boy, I am afraid you haven't. Come, let us be frank with each other, and tell the honest, manly truth—there is no other kind—about this thing. You hate to smoke. I've watched you at it when you didn't know what I was thinking. You spit a great deal, but you don't smoke very much. And you don't do what little smoking you do because you enjoy it. I never saw you light cigar or cigarette unless you thought somebody was looking at you. You always do this with an air of intense self-consciousness. Everybody, including yourself, knows that you are on exhibition. And it's such a cheap show, too. All the pleasure you get out of smoking is the burning of a little loud-smelling incense to your own vanity, thinking that people are admiring you, which they are not. Smoking is a spectacle all too common to occupy the minds of people who have any; we can see somebody smoking any time we look out of a window or go upon the street. You think that as people look at you they are impressed with the idea that you are a "man about town;" which they are not. The "rounder" is, thank heaven, quite a different sort of a bird from yourself, my boy; even when you are smoking, you resemble him merely as a tortoise-shell kitten resembles the tiger of the jungle. And he isn't worth imitating, anyhow. If I were you and felt that I had to imitate somebody, I wouldn't think of building myself upon the "rounder" model until all the other men in the world were dead. Then I would go away to some place where he wouldn't even find my corpse, and die by myself in decent society.

Why, so far from exciting admiration in the minds of the beholders, if you could hear the remarks which people make when they see you smoking, if you could hear the comments even of men who are themselves smokers, you would never again perform upon the cigarette where human eye could perceive you. And I know you don't smoke anywhere else. Not now. I know you, my son, a great deal better than you do.

Moreover, it makes you disagreeable company. When you bring into society the malodorous taint of stale tobacco-smoke in your hair and clothes, your presence is always more gratefully welcome when you stay away. You are pleasanter when you sit by an open window. On the outside of it, at that. Aren't you a little ashamed to carry about with you a breath which you have to disinfect before it is safe for your mother to kiss you? I sometimes wonder what some men would do, if every time they kissed their wives they had to endure what the poor, long-suffering women do. One or another thing would happen my son. Kissing would go out of fashion, or else the tobacco crop would be abandoned as unprofitable in less than a year.

So, don't smoke, my boy. It makes you stupid, so it does not help you in your studies. It is bad for the heart, so it does not advance you in athletic sports. It makes you nervous, so it does not make you a better shot. It makes you smell like a tap-room, so it does not make you pleasant company. It does not do you one particle of good; it makes you appear silly and ridiculous; it is as disagreeable and offensive to yourself as it is to anybody else; you don't get a bit of comfort out of it, and you know it; so don't smoke!—*Robert J. Burdette, in Golden Rule.*

HAVE YOU A RIGHT?

One of our P.S. members wrote a private letter asking why some people thought it wrong to play cards. Just after having answered the letter privately, I found a thought about it, from Dr. Holland, the author. He said there seemed still to ring in his ears a sentence which a dying man once spoke to his father: "Keep your son from cards. Over them I have murdered time and lost heaven." If card playing has been the cause of one lost soul, it becomes every one who is pledged to do right, "for Jesus' sake," to stop and think whether he or she has a right to such an amusement.—*The Pansy.*

A SENSIBLE DISTASTE for deep mourning, heavy crape, and other accepted tokens of bereavement, appears to be on the increase. To more than one obituary announcement lately there has been attached the intimation "No mourning," that the surviving relatives do not intend to wear black.

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